But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints,
Qu. Brother of Gloceſter, you miſtake the matter:
The King of his owne royall diſpoſition,
And not prouokt by any ſuter elſe,
Aiming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions ſhewes it ſelfe,
Againſt my kinred, brother, and my ſelfe:
Makes him to ſend, that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will, and to remoue it.
Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne ſo bad,
That Wrens make prey where Eagles dare not pearch,
Since euerie Iacke became a Gentleman:
There's many a gentle perſon made a Iacke.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Glo.
You enuie mine aduancement and my friends,
God graunt we neuer may haue needs of you.
Glo. Meane time, God grants that we haue needs of you,
Our brother is impriſoned by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, whilſt many faire promotions,
Are daily giuen to enoble thoſe,
That ſcarce ſome two daies ſince were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raiſde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſtie,
Againſt the Duke of Clarence: but haue beene,
An earneſt aduocate to pleade for him.
My Lord, you do me ſhamefull iniurie,
Falſly to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Glo. You may denie that you were not the cauſe,
Of my Lord Haſtings late impriſonment.
Riu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may, Lo. Riuers, why who knowes not ſo?
She may do more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then denie her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts,
What may ſhe not, ſhe may, yea marrie may ſhe.

Riu.

Riu. What marrie may ſhe?
Glo. What marrie may ſhe? marry with a King,
A batcheler, a handſome ſtripling too.
Iwis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My Lo. of Gloceſter, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maieſtie,
With thoſe groſſe taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a countrey ſeruant maid,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, ſcorned, and baited at: *Enter Qu.*
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene. *Margaret.*
Qu. Mar. And leſſned be that ſmall, God I beſeech thee,
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeate is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you me with telling, or the King?
Tell him and ſpare not, looke what I haue ſaid,
I will auouch in preſence of the King:
Tis time to ſpeake, my paines are quite forgot.
Qu. Mar. Out diuell, I remember them too well,
Thou ſleweſt my husband Henrie in the Tower.
And Edward my poore ſonne at Teuxburie.
Glo. Ere you were Queene, yea or your husband King,
I was a packehorſe in his great affaires.
A weeder out of his proud aduerſaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his bloud I ſpilt mine owne.
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better bloud, then his or thine.
Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the houſe of Lancaſter:
And Riuers, ſo were you. Was not your husband
In Margarets battaile at Saint Albons ſlaine?
Let me put in your minds, if yours forget
What you haue beene ere now, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.
Qu. Mar. A murtherous uillaine, and ſo ſtill thou art.
Glo. Poore Clarence did forſake his father Warwicke,
Yea and forſwore himſelfe (which Ieſu pardon.)
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.